



The Strange and Wonderful

APPARITION:

Or, The Advice of

Colledge's Ghost

To the New

PLOTTERS.

Wonder not Brethren in Iniquity, if my unwilling shade (roused by confused Rumour, and the Drumming noise of flying Feet, frequently posting o're my dark retirement) re-salutes this hated Light, which once discover'd all my dire designs (though but a Ghost, and deficient in my Mortal part) I sympathise with you; but who would e're have dreamt, that after my timely Exaltation, you, (the Infatuated Sons of Rebellion) should have retained a resolution vigorously to continue and carry on your Projects, Plots and Conspiracies? Nay, in an Age wherein the Thorns of Justice have grievously rent your Sheeps-Cloathing, inasmuch, that the silly Vulgar plainly discover you to be Riotous and Ravenous Wolves, insatiably thirsting after Royal Blood; yea, at a time, when *Lucifer* himself, who deserted the *Ignatian* Tribe to espouse your Intrest, as a people most likely to promote his, had given you many Items to desist confessing he was quite Bankrupted of Council, and utterly at a loss longer to support your wounded, staggering, fainting, dying Cause; yet it seems, in spite of the Devils Teeth you would be jogging on, and now you see what's come on't: Was it for this think you, that with my last Breath I denyed so many known Truths (and thereby gained a greater reputation amongst the Sober-party, than the Sons of *Ignatius*, (who took their turns before me) had done amongst the credulous Bigots of their Faction? Nay, to that height, that the zealous Protestant-Hopmerchant offered a Drink offering to my Pious memory?) No. It was to salve the Sores our unadvised rashness had made on the Forehead of the *Good Old-Cause*, by unseasonably attempting what was not in our power to bring about. Our Impatience, I say, was such, that we would have been Kings before it came to our turns; and for want of Patience, a lusty, thumping, well-fed, though ill-managed Plot, was marred e're it was full grown; and we, who for a while sailed with a prosperous Gale, on a sudden found our Sheets all ruffled, and our Cordage slack; the which while we were rectifying, a Storm arose and carried our Mast by the Board. Then, then, and not till then, we (the domineering Whiglanders) drew in our Horns, low'd like dared Larks, and happy had we been if we had from that time observed our distance, and not have put out

out our Horns at such a monstrous rate in this Age, nor pushed so hard at Scepters and Crowns: But you'll say, *Needs must as the Devil drives*. Why, I tell you, the Devil knew that you'd be again left in the lurch; Nay, he was as certain of it, as the *Delphick Oracle* was of the Sparrows death: And now he draws his Mouth from Ear to Ear, letting the corners two yards asunder, Laughing till he be-pisses himself, to think of your advancement on the Scaffold and Triangle; for how the Devil could you expect less than the reward of your labour, for certainly the Labourer is worthy of his hire; and it is not doubted when 'tis put to the *Quantum meruit*, that any of you will have the value of a *Scotch-Bottle* abated.

One would have thought that the *Surfeit* and *Dilium* which gave me my *Exit*, occasion'd by the strength of Hemp, should have made you all out of Love with the scent of that pernicious Weed; but I perceive it wrought little Reformation. Now some amongst you may urge that your zeal to set up the Calves, of profit and revenge, in *Dan* and *Bethel*, was the strong motive that induced you to prepare an Ambush for your Prince, and to design his destruction cowardly at unawares; but certain I am, that your project was unseasonably tim'd, for if my Information fail me not, the Devil was so busy amongst the *Ottomans* and Rebel *Hungarians*; that he could not have been at leisure to countenance so great a wickedness; and then you know all the Fatt had been in the Fire; for where the Grand Workmaster is wanting, the Work is done but by the halves; nay, as it fell out, not by quarters; for it utterly miscarried, and with it all your hopes of aspiring frustrated: whilst according to the old Proverb, most of you Experience, *One pair of Heels worth two pair of Hands*; for indeed, 'tis a true *Maxime*, *He who Murthers, dare not Fight*.

Alas! alas! that any of you should have been so long obstructed from receiving your due deserts, as to live to see this day; better had it been that most of you had borne me Company, which would have a little mitigated my Agony, since for your sakes, and by your persuasions, Woodcock-like, I Noosed my self beyond all retrieving; It had, I say, been but a friendly and neighbourly part for some, or most of you to have borne me Company; but since ingrateful, as you were, you drew your Necks out of the Coller, and left me in the Lurch, when most of all I needed your assistance, I shall not much repine at your advancement.

Yet a word by the way or by way of Application, chuse you whether, I say, since the Devil's being so great with you, has rendred you of so little esteem amongst Honest and Loyal men, humble your selves at the Feet of that Majesty whom you have so highly offended, and by ingeniously acknowledging your Transgressions, prepare your selves for Mercy above, e're you fall into the unmerciful hands of *Jack Ketch*, who will have no more mercy on you than a *West-Indian* Canibal, as you may plainly perceive by the little mercy he shewed me, when I was at his mercy; and indeed, you that intended to have shewed no Mercy, 'tis more (by six to one) than you deserve, if you find any Mercy: but hark, my Gaurdians call me hence, I must again to my retirement, e're yelping *Cerberus* awake.

*And there I stay, till all, or most of you,
Treading my steps, come posting thither too.*